COUGH

evident his engerness to get Evelyn by

bashful as a young boy.

ed in a flood to her hair.

manded, his voice trembling.

with a growing flush.

away from me."

dream !"

"Yes," whispered Evelyn,

"Now, Isn't it strange," asked Mar-

cus, after they took up their conversa-

tion again, "that while I was gone I

What a fortunate man Marcus Mac-

Kenzie considered himself just at that

moment! He had won the prettlest

yesterday you were free, my Eve. At

Marcus! Would be keep on loving her

and help her to get free, or would be

were upon it the marks of breeding, of pride in himself, his wealth, post-

tion and power. She knew how highly

he regarded the conventions of society.

If she should disclose to him the

secret of her marriage to the farmer,

be would see nothing but the blot upon

her and turn away in disgust. No, she

couldn't tell him. Despair over-

whelmed her and made MacKenzie's

arms burdensome. With an effort she

smiled faintly and withdrew from him.

he laughed. "It seems like a beautiful

"I don't want to let you go, darling."

Eve wished passionately that she

"You are my beloved," asserted Mar-

us, and with the girl's whispered

'yes," he allowed her to leave the

Evelyn went immediately to her

"I've told him I'd marry him," she

sald, with trembling lips. "Mother

dear, oh, please, mother dear, don't

you think you could borrow some mon-

ey from Robert for me? I must have

it. After I'm married to Marcus, I

could get it all back for you. I know

I could. I've just got to have a lot

of money, and you can't expect me to

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

no tax now

LUDEN'S

menthol

cough drops

GIVE QUICK RELIEF

T'S different from

and the materials used are

others because more care is taken in the making

Black Silk

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J straight

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Stove Polish

Mrs. Robertson drew away with a

mother's apartment and, opening the

door, slipped in and sank down upon

the floor at Mrs. Robertson's side.

were at liberty to make the dream

girl in Ithaca; and she loved him.

EMP'S



ously, taking quick stock of her, even

to the brown of her bare feet. No, he

had not made a mistake in summing

"You better hadn't." he growled,

without interrupting his work. "I sup-

pose you brought me some fool mes-

sage from her, eh?" Having finished

the cow, he rose and stood with the

brimming pail of milk in his hand.

Polly hesitated a moment, coughed

"A little milk for Jerry, please," she

Bennett snatched it from her hand.

but beggars," he grumbled but be-

cause he was enger to get her message,

he filled the pail full. Smilingly Polly

"I'm thankin' you, Oscar," she

gurgled, "an' now mebbe a fresh egg

"Your woman sent word by me," she

"Tell it, and don't be all day about

Pollyop took a couple of steps back

vard toward the door, ready to fly if

"She said you wasn't to write her

any more letters," she replied, "She's

awful scared. She trembled all over

"What did she say about money?"

Through the dim light of the lan-

ern, Polly looked at him pleadingly.

she returned, "an' she's feelin' terrible

task. Bennett jumped up from his

stool, and one step took him very close

to the nervous young speaker.

"She just can't get another cent."

Although he had not finished his

"She can't, ch?" he cried. "She

means she won't, I guess. By God, she

will, or I'll come out with the whole

thing. You go and tell her so. She's

to keep quiet all my life. Tell her

either she comes home here to me

or she pays up. If she pays-" be !

paused, then laughed. "Oh, you need-

n't look as if I was goin' to swat you

was sayin', if she pays up and I get

rid of her, then-me for you, Polly

His voice was barsh, and his man

"The time's here," Oscar went on

"when both you women will be leap-

ing to my gad. There! Get home and

sny to my lady just what I said-"

again he broke off, only to continue,

"leaving out the part about you. See,

Dumb with dread, Polly sagged

weakly against the door casing. No

wonder Evelyn Robertson didn't want

"And you can tell her to come to

night at nine o'clock, to Granny Hope's

old shack," he proceeded, "I want to

talk to her. Now get along and don't

come around after any more milk, or

the lane. In a little ravine at her left a noisy stream rumbled down the hill.

With vistful eyes she watched It

through the fast gathering dusk flow

away to the lake. It was then she saw

something moving about in a small

pool of water in a rock basin. Care-

fully she put the milk and eggs on a

bit of smooth turf. Down the bank

she slipped, and there in the falling

gloom, struggling in the water, was a

baby lamb. Pollyop tucked her skirts

up about her waist and waded into the

water. Several times she fell, and,

dripping wet, scrambled up again,

When she pulled the lamb to the bank

for breath.

loved up a bit!"

little thing to care for.

take potluck with them.

she dropped to the ground, gasping

"Poor little duffer," she murmured.

"You was 'most gone, wasn't you?

Come on home with Pollyop an' get

In the road she picked up the pail,

slipped the eggs into the milk and

went swiftly down the lane, the lamb

under one arm. Polly's heart sang

with gladness. Out of the rigors of

the Storm country, out of the cold

ravine water, she had found another

Jeremiah Hopkins and Larry Bishop

were in the shack when Polly arrived

with her burdens. With much pride

she displayed the lamb; then she fed

him a portion of the milk with a spoon.

While she was preparing the evening meal, she invited her father's friend to

After supper she settled her family.

Wee Jerry she tucked into Daddy's

bed, and Granny Hope was made com-

fortable in a chair by the stove, where

she soon nedded off to sleep. Then,

Glad to be gone, Polly passed out to

I'll throw you out of the barn."

to live with such a man!

ners rough. Polly retreated to the

Oscar showed any signs of unusual

"Good God, you squatters're nothing

'She sent you, didn't she?"

suggested, extending her can.

and cleared her throat.

took it back.

for Granny Hope?"

it," ordered the farmer.

when she told me."

had about It."

threshold.

Bennett demanded gruffly,

her up that morning.

ventured in answer to the look she had intercepted, "an' powerful rich!" "An' money's what makes the mare

go," struck in Lye Braeger. "Sure, so 'tis," answered Polly. "But 'tain't everything in the world. I got



"Sure, So 'Tis" Answered Polly. "But 'Tain't Everything in the World."

Granny Hope's word for that. An' she knows a lot about love, Granny

Larry Bishop's sudden laugh cracked in the middle, and he swallowed fierce-

"Love! H-I!" he burst out huskfly. "Granny'll know soon what havin' money means. Some mornin' the Silent City'll wake up an' find the Hope shack burned to the rocks."

"Mebbe not," replied Polly simply. Anyway, Granny don't need her hut new she's livin' with us."

A sudden thought of Robert Percival shot a queer little thrill through her, and she got confusedly to her feet. "Lordy, but the wind's cold this mornin' !" she exclaimed,

"That's so," answered her father, one, Pollyop," he went on, "but as I "It's too blamed cold for the baby to stay here. Get off'n my neck, boy, an' go along home with Poll, an' get het

The child set up a bowl that flung itself buck and forth in squealing echoes from side to side of the ravine, but the struggle of unloosening Wee Jerry's fingers from his father's thick

half was short and sharp. "Take him home, brat," said Jeremiah to Pollyop, "He's like a frog, poor imp. We got a full hour's work

With the child's hand in hers, Polly looked at her father. "Come when you can, Daddy, I got a

s'prise for you.' "Good little kid, your girl is, Jeremish," droned Braeger, and he grunted

as he straightened out his legs, Hepkins bent over to catch another glimpse of his children.

"Yep," he agreed, a wavering smile touching his lips, "God love 'er! She's | like her ma was at her age-as near like as two peas in a pod."

CHAPTER IV.

On entering the shack Pollyop found Granny Hope still asleep. Then she replenished the fire and sat down with Jerry on her lap. She disrobed him, dried the small body, and placed him on the cot under the blankets. Another piece of candy was popped into the ever-ready little mouth; and he cuddled down contentedly.

His daughter's cheerful face, when Jereminh came home for his dinner drove away, for the time being, the dread her announcement of Mac-Kenzie's return had stirred in him. Her description of mending the roof. brought a wry smile to his face. She sat on his knee while he smoked his pipe and chattered of the little intimate things of the lakeside, and later sent him and Jerry off to Larry Bishop's shack, feeling the better for food and warmth and love.

At five o'clock, milk-pail in hand, she took the lane that led to the Bennett farm. Nothing but her promise to Evelyn would have dragged her again that day into Oscar's presence. Nor did she consider that the message she had to deliver would incline the farmer to be very generous in the matper of milk. Suppose he demanded pay for it on the basis he had suggested!

She rounded the building and went into the cow stables. On a nail in the wall hung a lantern, and the farmer

sat milking a cow. "Hello, Oscar!" was her greeting. "I saw Miss Ere. but I didn't tell her the lamb in her lap and the billy goat . at her knee, Pollyop sat down on the edge of her cot, facing the two men. She knew by the dark expressions on their faces that a question of import

"Me an' Larry, brat, have been tryin' to think of some way of gettin' rid of Old Marc," began Hopkins grimly. Nervous brown fingers plucked at the lamb's wool as Polly, going white,

stared at her father. "You don't mean hurtin' him, Daddy dear, do you?" she broke out. "Oh, U that's what you're talkin' about, don't do it. Don't do it. Daddy! Something beautiful is goin' to happen to us squatters. God up in the sky sent a angel smack down from high heaven to help us."

The serious, lovely face turned pleadingly, truthfully up to his prevented Hopkins from indulging his desire to laugh. Polly turned and ooked at Larry. His dark face was heavy with frown and deep, grief-cut Bennett turned and studied her curi-

"There ain't any angels anywhere but up there," muttered Larry Bishop, making an upward thrust with his

"Yep, there is, Larry," contradicted Polly impetnously. "I seen one, He's bigger'n you an' Daddy put together. guess; an' his face looks like the sun, all shiny an' bright. He says the squatters has to have a place to live In fust like other folks, an' he won't let Old Marc run us out of the Silent City. Mebbe after a while, when he gets to workin' for us, you can hunt an' fish just the same as ever!"

Hopkins looked at his daughter as always thought of you, but not just if she had lost her mind.

"What's eatin' you, brat?"

"Nothin'," replied Polly, "but I know what I heard." "Spiel it out to us," put in Bishop

enceriv. Then Polly told them. Both men

He made an angry motion with his "Valy, he's got more money'n Old Mary Poll," snapped Hopkins, "It's "Up in that box," he snapped. "Then just because we don't happen to be settell what you came for! What'd Eve tin' on his ground that he ain't want-

> It was quite evident that both the fishermen were of one opinion. Polly



It Was Quite Evident That Both the Fishermen Were of One Opinion.

got up and placed the lamb in a corner

"I bet a eel he helps us squatters, though," she nodded positively. "An' you both got to promise right now on this," she picked up Granny Hope's Bible, "that you won't use a gun on Marc MacKenzie, nor do nothin' harmful to him. Let the other man look after us. There! Kiss this here book, an' you'll both feel better."

There was something compelling about the girl. It may have been the tones of her voice, wonderfully sweet and tremendously earnest. It may have been the brilliant smile she flashed upon her listeners. At any rate, the mayor of the Silent City and Larry Bishop, his henchman, repeated in dull apathy the oath she dictated to them, the words that made the Storm country a safe habitation for Marcus MacKenzie. Then both men reverently kissed the Bible and fell back limply

in their chairs, Polly kissed the ragged edges of the book too, then she turned to Hopkins, "Daddy, honey, I'm goin' out, Give your kid a lovin' smack. I'll be back quicker'n the billy goat can blink."

CHAPTER V.

The afternoon had been unpleasant for both Mrs. Robertson and her daughter. The lady was studiously icy to Evelyn, and the girl was utterly miserable. Robert Percival was away with MacKenzie. In his absence, although the two women are dinner together and kept each other company afterward in the drawing room, their conversation was limited to the simplest commonplaces. The return of the men eased the tension. Percival excused himself almost at once to write

A SEVENTY-YEAR	More
Mr. and Mrs. Th.	far-
risburg, Pa., s	iney
trouble. He sa-	and I
suffered from June 1981	ir and nad
The first few do con F	D761
Pills relieved us. n fiv)	- 10:1 V
tirely cured us. Alaho era	
the seventies, we are an	
we were thirty years	
Glenn E. Wortley and H.	J. Connell

LONG LAKE Mrs. J. E. Dodson and daughters, Marie and Ruth, were in Belding on

Milton Hall, who has been visiting his sister, Eliabeth and grand par-ents, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Hall, the past three weeks returned to his home Grand Rapids, Saturday. Harman Whitford spent Monday in

Belding.

Monuay was Esther Whitford's birthday anniversary and Beatrice Lowe made her a little birthday cake and took it to school to give her a little surprise at lunch time.

Arthur Rich and sons, Armor and Stanley, Mrs. Albert Rich and daughter, Beatrice and Mrs. Iva Martin were in Belding, Saturday.

Ben Frank and Leslie Hall were in Belding, Monday.

L. J. Whitford and children, Mary Herman and Orlo, were in Belding, Saturday.

herself, Mrs. Robertson seized a chance to steal away to her own room.

For some time after her departure Saturday.
Miss Marie Dodson celebrated her the girl and the man were silent. This was the first time in Marc's life that sixteenth birthday anniversary Frihis heart had been really touched by day evening by a number of young folks giving her a surprise party at her home, it being a complete surprise. The evening was spent with games, music and dancing, after a woman, and in spite of his years and experience, he was almost as At length their eyes met, and the

prise. The evening was spent with games, music and dancing, after which nice refreshments were served. Two birthday cakes adorned the table, one being for Ruth Dodson, who's birthday was last Tuesday, February 14, having thirteen candles lighted and Marie's had sixteen candles.

Harold and Marion Moore, of Shilah wisited the Chittal sakes! Mrs. Julia Grinnell and Miss Lena Mische were home for the week end. also Lucile and Emma Mische, of Belding, were home over Sunday. The Houseman brothers are beginning to move from Mrs. Maggie Carr's farm to the Leo Cowles farm, south of Belding.

Mrs. Julia Grinnell and Miss Lena Mische were home for the week end. also Lucile and Emma Mische, of Belding, were home over Sunday. The Houseman brothers are beginning to move from Mrs. Maggie Carr's farm to the Leo Cowles farm, south of Belding.

Mrs. Julia Grinnell and Miss Lena Mische were home for the week end. also Lucile and Emma Mische, of Belding, were home over Sunday. The Houseman brothers are beginning to move from Mrs. Carr's farm to the Leo Cowles farm, south of Belding. girl's lowered, while the color mount-The man was by her side in an instant. He had read in the shy, retreating glance what he longed to see.

Evelyn! I-I-I-believe you care Harold and Marion Moore, of Shiloh, visited the Chittel school, Moncoming year. for me, I really believe you do," he exclaimed. "You do, sweet?" he de-Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Whitford and ing and is able now to ride to town ughter. Mary, spent Saturday ev- to see the doctor.

daughter, Mary, spent Saturday evening in Belding.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hall and son, breaking Lloyd, were in Belding Saturday af-

Charlie Bonoit was in Belding on like this. Honey, girl, how long have Monday. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dodson and

you loved me? Before-before today?" "I think always," confessed Evelyn, rose bud holders. "And to think I only came home last night," he exulted, "This time

Maria

this moment no power can take you Mr and Mrs. Miles Merriett and nephew, Winsor Chapman, were Sun-day dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. kin, Friday evening, March 3. All Dreadful recollections of Oscar intruded upon Evelyn's new happiness.

The storm did quite a lot of dom-Oh, if she only had the courage to tell the breaking of limbs from the trees phy home last Sunday evening. they were so heavily loaded with ice that we could hear them crack most --- She glanced into his face, There

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BELDING HARDWARE COMPANY

any time, some hitting on top of the cottage but fortunately they weren't very large. One large limb from one of the trees in Merriett's park one of the trees in Merriett's park broke with a crash, but luckily went towards the lake. Mr. Dodson had a large tree slanting towards the hotel that looked as though it might fall over any time, so he and Arthur Rich spent all day Monday in taking it down before any damage was done. The telephone wires are all out of commission around the lake.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Whitford were in Belding, Sunday.

Charlie Stein and three other men were up to Linger-Longer cottage

were up to Linger-Longer cottage

Monday.
See Larry Seamon at the Empress,
Saturday and Sunday.

NORTHWEST KEENE Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Frost, Lowell, spent the week end with their parents at the A. W. Frost home. Miss Pauline Harlow visited at

Moseley over Sunday.

Verne Rowley has a very sore hand caused by coming in contact with a buzz saw one day last week.

Mrs. Julia Grinnell and Miss Lena Mische were home for the week and

Peter Rittersdorf is slowly gain-

Anthony Kohn and son, Paul, are breaking some very fine colts this

Mrs. Clara Johnson, of Reed City, is visiting Mrs. C. W. Tompkins, Sadie Shear and Harry Fashbaugh visited Clarence Hart last Sunday. daughters, Marie and Ruth, spent Friday evening, March 17, Keene Sanday with Mr. and Mrs. James Community Chorus will hold a town-McNeilly and family, near Palo, it ship meeting at the Keene Grange being Mrs. Mc Neilly's birthday an- hall for the purpose of further disniversary. Mrs. Dodson made the cussing consolidated school question birthday cake which looked very attractive with forty lighter candles in voters of the township and it is hoped all will put forth an endeavor to Dodson spent Thursday attend and discuss this question as night with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pitt at it is one of much interest to the people at large.

The Keene Community Chorus will are invited.

e storm did quite a lot of dem- A party of neighbors and friends last week at the lake, especially were entertained at the Jack Mur-



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Commencing March 6th, the Greenville, Belding & Ionia Bus Schedule will be as follows:

Read Down Read Up p m 1:30 2:00 a m a m 10:00 7:30 Lv. Greenville Ar. 8:30 10:30 8:00 Belding 8:00 a m 11:30 p m 2:30 8:00 11:00 2:00 Orleans 7:35 11:30 9:00 Ar. Lv. 7:00 Ionia 10:00

Sunday Schedule Same as Usual Close connections at Ionia for Portland, Grand Ledge, Lansing, Lyons, Pewamo, St Johns, Owosso For Information call-Citz. phone 469

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